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# Triller Trolat







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THE  
Italian Taylor,  
and his Boy.



By

ROBERT ARMIN, Seruant to  
the Kings most excellent Maiestie.

*Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.*

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1810.



TO THE TRVE NO-  
BLE AND RIGHT HO-  
NORABLE THE LORD  
VICOVNT HADDINTON:

And,

The Noble by birth, and vertuous by education,  
his second selfe, the Lady ELIZABETH  
FITSWATER, his Vicountesse and Wife:

ROBERT ARMIN Wisheth  
content in this life, and ioy  
in the life to come.

**R**ight Honourable, a late Lord of *England*, being  
presented with a Poeme of some young Writer:  
seeing his boldnesse, and hauing graueled him  
in question, found that his Will was worthier  
then the Worke, yet contrarie aunswerd his amated  
feare, thus: Fooles makes Bookes for Wise men to  
laugh at. I haue knowne some, that haue loued the  
Writer for the Worke, how euer weake; the Will  
pleaded so powerfull; and the partie presenting it, had  
(at the least) thanks for his labour. I read that a  
poore man meeting *Artaxerxes*, hauing nothing to giue  
him

## THE EPISTLE.

him as a giift gratulatorie, did present him with a handfull of Water: the right true bred King, seeing his loue, caused the Water to be put into a Cup of Gold, and returnes it the partie, with kingly thanks, and loue. There is (right Noble) as much difference in the rewardes, as in the birthes: the first, Noble and vnkind: the last, maiesticall, and well inclinde.

I speake not this (right Honourable) to gloze, or rather waft a farre off a neere-come bountie, but to shew the pith of the one, & the power of the other. To your Honour I plead neither, because I feare not the first, nor wish I the last: onely your spirit of loue towards me, which I am perswaded I am posselt off; I do desire it in continuance: yet if you doe returne the first, it may be fitting; for the Poeme procures it, and I wish it so; that I (being as your Honour knows) make this Booke for your Wisedome to laugh at; and I wish it the very tickling of delight: how euer it is, a well compounded iest, and your Italians are in this (as in all) neate: If my weake translation darken it, I beseech the sunshine of your Honour to inlighten it, that it may out-value worth it selfe in your estimation, being (as you are) the blessed hand for *Brittaine*, ordained in your cradle, (vnder God) to preserue the life of our royall King JAMES, then in danger of the diuelish minded *Gowery*.

Likewise

## THE EPISTLE.

Likewise most affable Lady, kinde and debonere, the second of the first which I sawcily salute, pardon I pray you the boldnes of a Begger, who hath been writ downe for an Asse in his time, & pleades vnder *forma pauperis* in it still, notwithstanding his Constableschip and Office: I doe intreat your Ladiship, (being of a Noble straine) gratioufly to regard this poore Petite of transformation: laugh at them (if you can) hartily, and I haue my wish: if not returne them wittie; for so much the *Italian* Poet merits at the least: for mee, I but light a Taper at his Torch, & I wish the flame may neither putrifie the sense, nor infect the imagination. There are rough Stones heawed out from the Quarry; and the lines leueld by which they are squarde: If they appeare crooked to straight iudgment, I beseech you, call to question my Weaknes; and my Will, will answere in my behalf.

There is shrowded (Madame) vnder the glister of your Starre, a Poeticall light, which shines not in the world as it is wisht, but yet the worth of it luster is knowne: he hath remayned in *Sussex* many yeares; and I beseech God, and your noble Father (the Earle) he may liue and die beloued so still. It is, (if I speake darkely) that pen-pleading Poet (graue for yeares and knowledge) Maister *Mathew Roiden* I doe stand to his

## THE EPISTLE

censure, to second yours both; and I doubt not but he will plead for my weaknes in this worke, knowing that, *Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum?* And so wishing as much ioy to your right well affected Vicount and you, from the King of heauen, as I know you are possesst off from the King of earth: I leaue your Honours both, to him that is, and ever shalbe yours, and our redeemer.

Your Honours in all humblenes

ROBERT ARMIN.





Ad lectorem hic et ubiq;

S - P D. .

**I**Nuisible Reader, I present thee with a Poeme from the Italians; bid it welcome for the Countries sake, for I assure thee, the excellencie of that nation in Poesie, is beyond my Pen to publish: but be it as it is worthy, onely I wander with it now in a strange time of taxation, wherein euery Pen & inck-horne Boy will throw vp his Cap at the hornes of the Moone in censure, although his wit hang there, not returning vnlesse monthly in the wane: such is our ticklish age, & the itching braine of aboundance, But I speake to thee more mildly: I haue to thy pleasure, & my no great profite, written this Pamphlet, onely my aduenture in presuming into the hands of so Noble a Patron, I feare (in part) wil offend; but my good will considered, will plead my excuse. I put into thy view a conceit to nod at, as who should say; Is it so? is it so, & no better? will this meere foole, little learning, be so bould? why the wisest can doe no more? Well, to answere for the follie, I say Boltes are shot of the vnskilfull, as well as the archer; and they now and then hit. Not long since I discovered a nest of Ninnies in this great wombe the Worlde and some of the old brood before,

## To the Reader.

*scorn'd at this new birth: it was but to shew their anti-  
quitie, and who was the neatest Ninnie of all the nest; one  
forsooth would kill the Author; and why? because of the De-  
dication. Why did not a Crow speake (aue) to Caesar? May  
not a Foole cry (ho) to a Goose, or the contrarie? Will not  
a Iade wring i'th withers, being hardly sadled? Goe too then,  
it is lawfull to plead pouertie with the Penne, and pittie to  
'th Purse. I say no more, but commit thee to this; in which  
thou shalt laugh, if thou wilt: if not, chuse. For my part,  
I doe not as some doe, rayle against Law, taxe the Cittie, and  
censure Players, when they them-selues are insensible, but  
finde mee better busied; onely I say this: when the Taylor  
wants bumbast, he will make Ragges stufte out: and so with  
him that lines his Leaues with rayling rethoricke; which  
no doubt, will one day be answeard and anatomisde: i'th  
meane time, bid this welcome for his sake to whom it is dedi-  
cated: which we may all reioyce in, if his happie hand be duly  
considered.*

*Fare-well.*



## THE

### Prologue to the Storie.

**O**VID and *Virgill* for the Pen,  
And *Homer* for his Verse:  
*Plautus*, *Horace*; worthy men,  
Left lines for Schooles to perse:

Since then, *Italia* in her pride,  
Pust, some of memorie,  
Who haue deserud the Wreath beside,  
Of fames eternitie.

But giue me leaue to reckon why  
They did set downe their skill  
In Embleme Stories, faignedly,  
And yet not blabs of ill:  
But to insist on meaner toyes  
Wherein they might be bold  
Leauing to truce our better ioyes  
In Scripture lines inrold,  
For Schollerisme and Schoole defence,  
To practise younger wits,  
That they presumd in, to dispence  
On things that better fits:

## The Prologve

Now not to niggard it at all,  
But ioyne as partner yit  
With such as do our Poet call,  
*Mecænas* for his wit ;  
I thus distribute to all eyes,  
What I of late haue red :  
Though faigned, yet they are no lyes,  
But fancies better bred :  
And yet the subiect of discent,  
As many Worthies bee :  
Begun of nothing, till content  
Breed to maturitie.  
The *Italian* Poet in discourse,  
Sets downe a homely toy,  
In singular donne, prose not verse,  
A *Taylor* and his Boy :  
Who in contention, shewde the earth,  
What Art exceeded in :  
For nothing but an howers mirth,  
And thus doth he begin.

*The Italian Taylor and his Boy.*



*Argument*

The Italian Taylør and his Boy,  
Contend in trans-formation.  
To ouer-cloud each others ioy,  
In art and occupation.  
The childish breed doth build on Pines,  
While loftie Cedars stand,  
More subiect vnto meane designes,  
Then they to great commaund ;  
And simple Honestie at last is seene,  
To ioyne in mariage with a Queene.

CANT. I.

**T**His *Taylor* tooke vnto his trade,  
A neighbours child, but poore ;  
The Boy was yong, yet wits perswade  
His yeares were many more :

## *The Italian Taylor*

How euer, hee's reported young,  
Though old in apprehention ;  
Whereby this canker Enuie, sprong,  
And causd this blacke dissention.  
The Maister was oreshot i'th marke,  
At which he gaue the ayme,  
The Boy exceeds the parish Clarke,  
And got his Maisters fame :  
In time, the Maister wrought no more,  
Nor reason wil'd him vse it,  
Since whom he taught, increast his store,  
Why might not he refuse it ?  
But practizd from *Pitthagoras*,  
Schoole poynts of transformation,  
By Art he wonne, and brought to passe,  
The forme of any fashion :  
Sometimes he would flie like a Bird,  
Anone a Horse, a Tree :  
And by and by in thought or word,  
A Fowle, a Fish, a Bee.  
The litle Lad, which had an eye  
On all his Maister did,  
Grew wearie of his trade, whereby  
His better iudgment chid,  
And bid him boldly looke about,  
His Maister had in stoore,  
A rarer secret of much doubt,  
His present skill was poore :  
Once aboue all, ascends the Staires,  
And through the key-hole peepes,  
To note his Maisters new affaires,  
And what strange coyle he keepes :

Who

*and his Boy*

Who busie in transforming life,  
To sundry shapes of toyes :  
In his behol'ing, grew a strife,  
Of dread and hidden ioyes.  
Now he beholdes his Master chang'd  
And like a Tree appeares :  
At last a Horse an Ape estrangde,  
In feuerall shapes and feares :  
These transiue apparitions dealt,  
As mad-men in their fits ;  
Who compasse all they toucht or fealt,  
When th' are but wilhing wits :  
He downe descendes, and watches time  
To try this wilhed skill.  
He found the steps that he did clime,  
Were farthring to his will.  
So while his Maister by him selfe  
Did practise thus to bee,  
This busie Ape and willing else,  
As expert was as hee.  
The Lad deuises now to make  
His Father rich and great ;  
Comes and demaunds if for needs sake,  
He should vrge Artes conceit  
To do him grace ? " I, (saies the old man)  
" My pouertie is such ;  
" I pre-thee child, do what thou can  
" Nor may it be too much :  
" Considring I did bring thee vp  
" In knowledge, care, and loue,  
" And let thee drinke of plenties cup ;  
" A Fathers best behoue."

## *The Italian Taylor*

The obedient Boy desirous too,  
To shew his vtmost will,  
Intreates his Father thus to do,  
For practise of his skill :  
To buy i'th morne a Saddle and Bridle,  
And meet him that selfe morrow,  
In *Caijus* field, and if possible,  
He would rid his sorrow :  
“ There shall you finde (sayes he) a Steed,  
“ as white as Snow or Swan :  
“ Possesse him to relieue your need,  
“ And make what price ye can.”  
He thanks his sonne : “ I but (quoth he)  
“ What sequel lags behind ?  
“ Nought else but this ; when you shall see  
“ The bargaine full assignd,  
“ Vnsaddle me, and leaue me sold ;  
“ But see the same be done,  
“ Least after sorrow grow too bold,  
“ On what is thus begunne.”  
They parted faire, the Old man home,  
The Boy vnto his traide,  
The dayes end neere, the night is come,  
And all things well appaide :  
The *Taylor* now bethinking him,  
Of fortunes past and gone ;  
His Seruants negligence, lookt grim,  
That all decayde at home :  
Rises to's Booke, and by his art,  
He well perceiues and findes  
His Boyes attempt, his skill to thwart,  
Posselt him twentie mindes.

What



*and his Boy*

“ What will this Youngster rise vnto,

“ If thus he climbe (sayes hee)

“ To'th top of all my practize? no,

“ It may nor must not bee.”

Sees, he was altred in his shape,

And to a goodly Steed ;

Deuises now to catch the Ape,

In practise of this deed ;

Doth rise betime, and futes his backe,

Like one that t[r]affickt much :

And to the market all in blacke,

As Marchants, like one such.

## *The Italian Taylor*



### *Argument*

Enuie in her Sables drest  
Adorn'd like one of ire :  
Thus shapt, is euer ready prest,  
To finish blacke desire :  
But see the chaunce, and what procedes  
On such disastrous diuelish deedes.

### CANT. 2.]

**C**omes, where the old man pacde his steede,  
There people wondred oft,  
To see this Iade of such a breede,  
Curuet, prounce, leape aloft.

He cals to know the lowest price :  
It was fwe hundred Francks.

Too deare sayes he, the old man wife,  
Sayd fo it should, and thanks :



*and his Boy.*

As chapmen in their bargaines sticke  
To rise and fall, so hee  
Offerd and went, comes backe as quicke ;  
At last they did agree :  
The money tenderd, vp he gets,  
To try the paced Steed ;  
Who vp o'th sodaine, hence he iets,  
In pace of posting speed :  
Thus galloping, the old man fithes,  
“ My saddle's on (sayes hee)  
“ I am vndone, ore-gone vniths,  
“ Som epower preferuer bee.”  
Home comes my *Taylor* to his Stable,  
Who to 'th Manger tyes  
This Horse with Ropes, while he was able  
Beats his backe and thighes.  
“ Thou art my seruant now (sayes hee)  
“ To ride, to run, and go ;  
“ And I will vse thee cruelly :  
“ Had I before done so,  
“ I had not thus bin backt and rid,  
“ By him Ile ouer ride.”  
The Boy thus heard how he was chid,  
Thus to himselfe he cride,  
“ Forgetfull Father, I am wrong'd,  
“ Thy negligence is cause ;  
“ Now shall my torment be prolong'd,  
“ And here my shape must pause,  
“ Vnlesse some one vngirt my backe,  
“ This shape will euer bee :  
“ Thus my confused shame and wracke,  
“ Is (Father) come by thee.”

## *The Italian Taylor,*

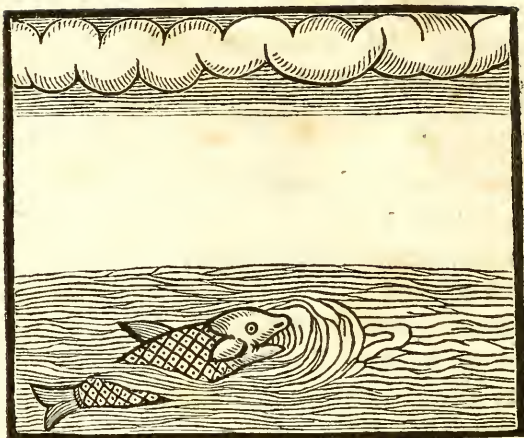
Nor Hay or Prouender was giuen,  
Nor Water for to drinke :  
Thus Pin'd, with Want, all was vneuen,  
The Boy transform'd, doth thinke :  
Art out went Art in what was done,  
His Maisters skill was stronger,  
And he by learning ouercome,  
Was now approou'd the younger.  
The *Taylor* had two tender Babes,  
A little Sonne and Daughter ;  
Who often saw their Father's rage,  
And what would happen after :  
Consider'd in their infant thoughts,  
Vnles the Horſe had food,  
The ſtately Steede would come to nought ;  
And that were not ſo good.  
One after noone came there to play,  
At laſt they thus bethought 'om  
The Horſe was dry, and knew the way  
To 'th water ; where they brought 'om :  
The Iade ſhoke often, by the mane,  
His Girts ganne to vnloſe ;  
The Saddle that did fall off cleane,  
As he to 'th Riuer goes :  
The litle one ſtayes there to keepe it,  
While the other leades  
The Steed to 'th water ; doth beweepe it,  
And it euer dreads,  
“ It will be loſt, alas (fayes he)  
“ Then are we both vndone :  
“ Our Father miſſing it, will be  
“ In anger ouercome.”

While

*and his Boy.*

While thus they doubtfully do plead  
The falling of the Saddle,  
The subtile Steed doth stand in dread,  
T' wil cause a further brabble :  
And now, or neuer, must he get  
His libertie to goe,  
Either by force, by present wit,  
Or liue in endles woe :  
He rubs his head against his legge,  
And euer and anone,  
Whinnies aloude, as if he begges .  
The children to be gone :  
But being by the Riuer side,  
The Bridle new slipt off,  
Like to a little Fishe, doth slide  
Into the Streame, and laugh  
To see the young-ones cry aloude ;  
And what a mone they make  
For him, who now was nothing proude  
This shape to vndertake.

## *The Italian Taylor*



### *Argument.*

Tis euer so, that subiltie  
Doth triumph ouer such  
Whose infant young simplicitie,  
Bewayles the action much :  
But where intended honestie,  
Doth worke for his auaille,  
Let wisedome with indifferently,  
It may haue present baile :  
As in this shape it now appeares,  
To scape the Taylors two-edge sheares.

### CANT, 3.

**T**He affrighted young ones all amaz'd,  
Returning from the Brookes,  
At whom the angrie Father gaz'd,  
Saw wonders in their looks :

Doth

*and his Boy*

Doth Question what the matter is,  
They lookt all sadly so :  
They fearefull too, that did amisse,  
Were loth that he should know :  
But when there was no remeadie,  
They tell their Father this,  
How that his Horse was sodainely  
'Transform'd into a Fish.  
Hee all inraged, gets him home,  
And when he saw twas true,  
His Mans disguise to recompence,  
He bids him-felfe adue,  
And turnes into a greater Fish,  
The lesser to deuower,  
Because he knew no way but this,  
Was in his furies power :  
Thus shapt, he springs into the Streame,  
Where his reuenge did swim.  
Now is he in an other Realme,  
Which was vnknowne to him :  
Anone he comes amongst the shoales,  
Where siluer finned Fishes  
Kept their bright meeting in the goales,  
Of *Neptune's* watry wishes.  
But missing him whom he desir'd  
He glotes as lightning glides ;  
Searching the deepes, he soone aspir'd  
Where golden *Tagus* bides,  
Where *Triton* with his Trumpet blast,  
And *Argus* eyes kept way,  
While plentie ballast from it fast,  
What flotes the *Indian* Sea.



## *The Italian Taylor*

Heere was the subtile *Taylor* Fish  
Suspected for a thiefe :  
And driuen from doing ought amisse  
By power from the chiefe :  
Nor there, nor any where he findes  
His new transformed youth ;  
Of Fish or Man, of neither kindes,  
Though both of him insuth,  
At length vnlookt for, while he stayes,  
Playing i'th Flood at 's ease,  
On's bellie, back, sides, sundry wayes,  
As his content shall please :  
He spies a stranger-Fish passe by ;  
At whom, small Fishes throng,  
As if they knew by nature, why  
He had disguif'd so long.



*Argument.*

Heere may you note in anger,  
What toyles and labours bee,  
And though the old be stronger,  
Yet often times we see  
The younger wins the glorie,  
As you shall finde writ in the storie.

CANT. 4.

**T**Hus eager in pursuite they glide,  
The seruant Fish perceaues  
It was his Maisters subtile pride,  
Springs through the weed-growne leaues :

The

## *The Italian Taylor*

The elder Fish vs'd age and strength,  
The younger vs'd more speed :  
Yet scarce had power to keepe his length,  
In his poste passiue speed :  
Through sheluie Brooks (by sedgy bancks  
The shallow and the deepe)  
In Mud, in Grauell, Weedes and Crancks,  
Now swim they, then they creepe.  
The beautious *Ala*, *labins* daughter,  
King of sea and land,  
Sends out her hand-mayd soone hereafter,  
To the salt sea sand,  
To gather Pibbles for her Bow,  
To shoote at flying Birds :  
Shee stoopes and sets her Basket low,  
Vsing these angrie wordes.  
“ Must I be made a gleaner now,  
“ To geather killing Stones,  
“ For harmeles chirpers, that each bough,  
“ Beares freely for the nones ?”  
While thus she grudg'd her taking toyle,  
And looking on the Sea,  
She might behold this heauie coyle,  
As Fishes when they play ;  
And in the Sommer leape aloft,  
In the beholders eye ;  
And sodainely fall downward soft,  
I'th water where they lie.  
Euen so these twaine, wearie with flight,  
Make stand ; as in the field  
Two Armies meete, to try the right,  
And make the other yeelde.

Sometimes



*and his Boy*

Sometimes the hush was in the water  
Like a hollow Grone,  
And instantly proceeded after  
Quiet, as if none  
Disturb'd the Flood: but when her eye  
Had pierct the meaning truely,  
More wondring stood she, and thereby  
She did obserue them duely.  
When Enuie boldly shewde it selfe  
In Fish, so well as Men;  
To which, she standing on the shelve,  
Made this reply agen.  
“ Poore fooles, how is't they wrangle so,  
“ Either in braule or sport?  
“ T'is prettie, how so euer (I trow)  
“ And fitting my report.”  
But while amazde she them beheld  
The smaller Fash grew weake,  
Could not contend, but needs must yeeld:  
And therefore thus doth speake.  
“ O modest Mayde receiue me yet,  
“ And saue me from my foe:”  
O'th sodaine in her Basket leapt,  
A prettie Fish in shoe:  
But while a nazde she lookt thereon,  
As musing at this thing,  
The Fish she did behold, was gon  
Into a Rubie Ring,  
Vnseene of her, amongst the Stones  
She geatherd on the sand,  
Which she choos'd out there for the nonce  
By labour with her hand.

## *The Italian Taylor*



### *Argument*

This Rubie conqueres where it lights,  
None but a Princeſſe hand,  
Can part the couple that ſo fights.  
On water and on land :  
Which fight, makes plaine, as you may reed,  
A Beggers branle, a Princes deed.

### CANT. 5.

**T**He prettie gatherer home returnes,  
And giues the Princeſſe theefe :  
(I meane the Pibbles) and ſhe mournes,  
Her labour thus to leeſe :

*and his Boy.*

Tyerde and wearie with the toyle,  
And in a prettie iest,  
Desires the Princesse vse lesse coyle,  
When she would haue the rest :  
And therewithall, vnfouldes the fight  
Betwixt the angrie Fishes,  
Which made the Princesse to delight,  
That she in person wishes  
Sh'ad bin pertaker of the warre :  
So prettily maintaine,  
The iourney had not bin too farre,  
As she to her complaine :  
But when her Mayde reported to her  
Of the Fishes scape  
The storie more and more did wooe her,  
The reioyst the shape.  
That she o'th sodaine did enjoy,  
In presence of the Fish :  
All this the Ring transformed Boy  
Had, as his heart did wish ;  
And in his foyle so louely set,  
Aire collited in Gold,  
He shinde amongst the Pibbles wet,  
Most louely to behold :  
So beautifull and sanguine red,  
The price no value had ;  
Which when she saw, she quickly said  
Her hopes were ritchly alleid :  
Upon her pretious ioynt tis put,  
Whose beautie did contend,  
Whether the Ring, or Finger to't,  
Were louelest to commend.

## *The Italian Taylor*

But while this maze of doubt drue on,  
Her ouer weening pride  
Was daunted ; for report anon  
Came to her, and that cride,  
Her Fathers Feauer was extreame,  
His Phisicke did no good :  
T'was killing newes to all the Realme,  
Vntimely vnderstood,  
In sorrow when the silent night,  
Did summon her to bed ;  
Not sleepe, but slumber well she might  
For to her sadnes saide :  
In mid'st of which, she thought she saw  
A naked man lie neare,  
Imbracing her : who cryed law,  
“ Faire Princeesse neuer feare ;  
“ I am the Rubie on your hand,  
“ Transformed as you see ;  
“ In other shape at your commaund,  
“ Your vassaile slaue to bee.”  
This certaine apparition seene,  
Whereto she thus replies :  
Twixt sleepe and wake : “ I am a Queene,  
“ And of no common price :  
“ Tis treason if thou touch me yit ;  
“ And therefore be not bold  
“ Vnles our births do princely fit :  
“ But if my Ring of Gold,  
“ Touch then, and spare not ; do thy best  
“ To please me in the weare :”  
“ And I am such at your request,  
“ (Quoth he) and therefore neare. ”

*and his Boy.*

He on her Iuorie white of breasts,  
Presumes a wanton hand ;  
She puts it by like Musicke rests  
In skilfull songs commaund.  
His waggish boldnes cride, all's mine !  
Her mayden shame bade, fie :  
His rudenes did a worke in time,  
And she perceiu'd thereby  
It was a substance, and no thought :  
She starts vpright i'th bed :  
“ Alas (sayes she) is treason wrought,”  
(And offerd to haue fled)  
“ O feare mee not,” *Adonis* sayes,  
(For now hee's such a one,  
As scornde the conquest loues the praise  
Of what his fortune wonne :)  
“ But vnderstand me what I am,  
“ My shape, and comming hither.”  
All told, the sequell sayes, loues shame  
Deuide all wrong in either :  
For Honour was his suertie,  
He would be chaste and true :  
She did accept securitie,  
And thus begins anew.  
“ Ile boast me as no Princeesse can,  
“ Nor yet that euer might ;  
“ In naked bed I lay by man,  
“ Yet honest all the night :  
“ And thou shalt say as much againe,  
“ Thy vertue is the greater,  
“ That mightst, and would not be so vaine  
“ Possessing such a creature.”



## *The Italian Taylor*

In this contemplatorie prate,  
They past away the night ;  
Where, what to her he did relate,  
Imagine, iudge ye might :  
The deed of darknesse left vndone,  
It was their first condition :  
Then in what errour can they run,  
Vnles in repetition :  
For that was free in him and her,  
Both parties were agreed,  
In which they ventred on so far,  
Vow seald their after speed.  
The morning iealous of the eye,  
That might behold him there,  
Giues warning, and he by and by,  
Her Rubie did appeare,  
Plac'd on her finger, as before.  
“ O *Vesta* deare ! (sayes she)  
“ I am thy vottery now no more,  
“ This ring hath conquered me.”  
She kist her Finger, welcomde it ;  
Bade farewell vnto man,  
Since both were Fancies friends to fit  
Her virgine boldnes than.  
Her Maydes that lay her chamber by,  
Begins to chide her sorrow,  
Because that sollitude was nie ;  
Yet bids them kind good morrow.  
Alas (sayes she) my Fathers grieffe,  
Is cause of all my care ;  
Both you and I shall mourne as chiefe  
If he die vnaware.

*and his Boy*

“ No (quoth the Virgin) here is newes,  
“ Will make your sad heart light;  
“ It makes all modest wonder muse  
“ That hapt since yeafter night.”  
She longes (as women do with child)  
To heare that blessed wonder :  
They in their tatling meeke and milde,  
Doth trueth and iudgment funder :  
But when they finde tis all too good,  
The offer made to 'th King,  
Was true and easly vnderstood,  
It did their comfort bring.  
“ There is (quoth they) a Doctor come,  
“ Ariu'd but late last night ;  
“ Of whose great skill he yeeldes you some,  
“ And doth our Countrey right :  
“ He will attempt what all refuse,  
“ By Phisicks art to cure  
“ Your Fathers Feauer : and this newes,  
“ He doth by life assure :  
“ Onely his recompence is small ;  
“ Which when his art is doone,  
“ He will demaunde, and there-with-all,  
“ This morn he hath begunne :  
“ And tis not yet two howers ago,  
“ Since his first Potion tooke ;  
“ Whereby the fit that haunts him so,  
“ His vsuall hower forfooke.  
This powerfull parlie rous'd the Deare,  
The Larke did early mount :  
It sprung a Partridge ; whose vpreare,  
Was of a great account :

## *The Italian Taylor*

She now desires to see the man,  
Whose cunning promis'd this :  
And thus the envious *Taylor* can  
Be Marchaunt, Doctor, Fish :  
For he it was whose strange disguise,  
Afforded power of skill,  
To cure the King, who bed-red lyes,  
And doth obey his will.



and his Boy.



*Argument*

Here comming, doth present his cure,  
To accomplish further spight :  
And doth vp throw his lostie lure,  
Whereon the Hauke should light :  
But the Birds eye well sees and knowes.  
The Partriges from carrion Crowes.

CANT. 6.

**T**He King in comfort of his cure,  
Begins to bragge his health.  
The Doctor further doth assure  
Himselfe of loue and wealth :

E

And :

*The Italian Taylor,*

And all the Countrie in a hope,  
Their King shall by his art,  
Enioy a further princely scope,  
Then health could yet impart :  
Who but this Doctor, through the land,  
Was prayed for euery where,  
Who by his art did vnderstand  
His Boy disguis'd was there ;  
Intendes to meete him in that shape  
Who yet thinkes little so,  
Vntill report betrayde the scape  
Of his presuming foe.  
Now slumbers on the Princeesse finger,  
As her dearest Iem ;  
While this thrice happy tydings bringer,  
Thus awakened them.  
Who comming, while the King in bed  
Lay wayting life or death :  
The Ring nought hearing, litle said,  
It wanted life and breath,  
Till it transform'd to man againe,  
Should heare what came to passe :  
And as it seem'd, it did remaine  
A Rubie shining, t'wasse.  
The amorous Princeesse now attired,  
Comes to the crased King :  
Whose blessing when she had desired,  
She presents her Ring :  
And with no vulgar complement  
Diuulg'd, and did extole  
The beautie, vertue, excellent,  
With ioy and earnest soule.

*and his Boy.*

Much prayſes paſt twixt him and her :  
The Doctor ſtanding by,  
“ Sayd, if I cure your Graces Feauer,  
“ You can not deny,  
“ But I ſhall haue what I will aſke,  
“ In guerdion of my ſkill.”  
“ T’is true, (the King ſayes) to this taſke,  
“ I binde my royall Will.”  
“ Why then prepare (the Doctor ſayes).  
“ This Rubie Ring for me ;  
“ I am inamor’d of the prayſe,  
“ And mine the fame ſhall be.”  
“ I that, and what elſe (ſayes the King)  
“ My kingdome can afford,  
“ Is thine, my former health to bring,  
“ Thereto I paſſe my word.”  
“ How can it be (the Princeſſe ſayes)  
“ Our Father will beſtow  
“ What is not his, to length his dayes ?  
“ Although I duetie owe;  
“ And (as a child) ſhould part with all,  
“ Your health to re-obtaine;  
“ It is my life that he doth call,  
“ To recompence his paine:  
“ And mine is dearer vnto mee;  
“ Then yours, or thouſands moe.  
“ What touches life, is ſtill, you ſee,  
“ Our owne thus to beſtow.  
“ Then pardon me to keepe my life,  
“ (I meane this Rubie Ring)  
“ Vnleſſe to him that calſ me wife,  
“ I doe this treaſure bring.”

## *The Italian Taylor*

The bed-red Prince inrag'd with grieſe,  
Cryes, treaſon to his blood :  
“ For ſhe (ſayth he) that ſhould be chiefe,  
“ (Obedience vnderſtood)  
“ Is now neglectfull : woe to thee,  
“ Thou monſter in thy birth :  
“ My Daughter ? no, to diſagree.  
“ On matter, though of wirth,  
“ Yet nothing in reſpect of vs,  
“ When life lies at the ſtake :  
“ Giue me the Ring thou reekinſt thus,  
“ Beſtow it for my ſake.”  
“ Nay then your Maieſtie doth doate,  
“ And I (quoth ſhe) will not.”  
“ You of his counſell ; pray you noate,  
“ The Doctor ſayes : but that  
“ Is't poſſible ſuch petite price,  
“ Should be of ſuch eſteeme ?  
“ Why I aduenture on the dice  
“ Of Fortune, and caſt them  
“ To vtmoſt heighth of all the chaunce,  
“ Perhaps my ſoule is gage,  
“ Your highnes perſon to aduance :  
“ And ſhall, ill, thus preſage.  
“ Then Knowledge in obliuion turne,  
“ And Art with Studie end :  
“ My prayſes periſh, Bookes ſhall burne,  
“ All ſlacke what I intend :  
“ If I had aſkt the Diademe  
“ To weare it as mine owne ;  
“ Thus Kinglike to commaund the Realme,  
“ It had not been beſtowne,

“ Since



*and his Boy*

“ Since in a toy, a guift fo bace  
“ I am fo foone neglected :  
“ If in a motion of more grace,  
“ How had I been refpected :  
“ I will begone, tis time I trow,  
“ Accurst my comming hither.  
“ When kindnes imps his wing fo low,  
“ In fracture of this Feather,”

The Doctor flinges aside in rage :

Whereat the King amazde

Cals him againe : whose fullen age,

When it o'th Princeffe gazde,

He darted furie from his eyes,

Which shot the Daughter through :

But when ſhe thought vpon the prize

She reackt no anger now :

“ Shoot on (ſayes ſhe) here is my heart,

“ Deare Father, hit it dead ;

“ Before from this I euer part,

“ Come miſchiefe on my head :

“ I'ſayth I will not ſo perſwade.”

(And offerd to be gone)

“ Stay (ſayth the King) thou cruell Mayde,

“ Thou ſhalt not goe alone,

“ To priſon take her, ſhut her vp

“ From ſight of day or ſunne,

“ Since by her nay, this night I ſup

“ With ruine, thus vndone.

“ What hope haue I to haue my cure,

“ When knowledge is rewarded,

“ And hath no vantage to aſſure

“ On promiſe ſo awarded :

## *The Italian Taylor*

“ Goe chaine her head vnto her knees,  
“ There let her pine and die ;  
“ Since their obedience giues to leese,  
“ What children owe thereby:  
“ Shall I haue any in my land ;  
“ Nay of my flesh and blood,  
“ That will nay dare so soone withstand  
“ The motion wee thinke good ?  
“ Why now mee thinks I am recur’d,  
“ And lustier then before :  
“ And shall not such small loue secur’d  
“ Be graunted much the more ?  
“ I’ll giue thee for that petite Ring,  
“ A million of Treasure :  
“ Nay, cursed as I am thy King,  
“ I will commaund my pleasure :  
“ Yet humbly; as I am thy father,  
“ I request and craue ;  
“ Thou art my child, so much the rather,  
“ Let me aske, and haue.”

The Flint by this, was pierc’d with raine,  
The Marble of her minde  
Began to yeeld; that she againe  
Relented, and was kinde.

“ To morrow (sayes she) you shall heare  
“ My resolutions doome :  
“ Till then, be passified to beare  
“ For charitie, I’le come.”

The King receiues her in his armes,

“ I pre-thee child, sayes hee,  
“ (And kisses her) auoyde the harmes,  
“ That howerly threaten mee:

*and his Boy*

“ If I should die the losse were great ;  
“ And therefore for to liue,  
“ Vouchsafe thy Ring, the giift’s no cheat,  
“ That I intreat thee giue :  
“ Part from it willingly, kind Daughter,  
“ Well I know thy heart  
“ Affectes it dearely ; yet my slaughter  
“ Dearer is in part.”

At this she smil’d, and answer’d, well :  
As if a man should say,  
These flatteries wins nor heauen nor hell,  
And so she goes her way :  
But as she turn’d her out of sight  
She castes a bitter looke  
Vpon the Doctor, as she might,  
But he pour’d on his booke,  
As melancholy Students doo,  
Whose practise well they know,  
Doth want both meanes and matter too,  
Yet they must brooke it thoe.

The sithing King sayes, “ Courage man,  
“ Be frolick, tis thy Ring  
“ And I am thine to boote : what than  
“ May thy discomfort bring ?  
“ Shall we that all commaund, be thus  
“ Neclected in a toy ?

“ No, aske a Countrey next of vs,  
“ And give that to thy Boy.”

That word brought blood into his face,  
Which was before so pale.

“ Thought he, how near me comes your Grace,  
“ Ore him I shall preuaile :

“ For



## *The Italian Taylor*

“ For t’is his ruine I attempt,  
“ And if I get this Ring,  
“ His shape of Boy, I’le circumuent,  
“ He shall be no such thing.  
Home comes the Princeesse, and all sad.  
She throwes her on the bed ;  
“ Alas (sayes she) I shall run mad,  
“ Such wiles are in my head :  
“ Oh tis my Finger that poynts to it ;  
“ Tis, it is my Ring ;  
“ And tis a Father, he doth do it,  
“ Tis a cruell King :  
“ What is he liuing else but he,  
“ That would his Daughter thrall,  
“ To subiugate himfelfe and me,  
“ Vnto his Vrinall ?  
“ To one whose skill is but as shreads,  
“ That cunning workemen cut ;  
“ Not Art-professing skilfull heads,  
“ But more imposture put,  
“ A mountie bancke our Poet faies,  
“ Described by his Foxe,  
“ That sips vp Wine, wherein dead Flies  
“ Remaine in drowned floxe :  
“ A Quackfaluer, a Pedagoge,  
“ A Phisicke cheating knaue,  
“ A Poysoner, and a cunning Roge,  
“ To Vertue young and graue :  
“ One that trots about the land,  
“ His Budget at his backe,  
“ As Tinkers, hammering in their hand  
“ A Kettle with a cracke.

“ Oh

*and his Boy.*

“ Oh pardon me faire Modestie,  
“ And Charitie forgiue !  
“ I am ashamde vnreuerently,  
“ Such slaues as he, should liue.”  
She wets her finger from her lips,  
And rubs it about the Ring,  
And mildly off the Rubie slips,  
That's graunted to the King,  
“ Lie there (sayes she) vnworthy I,  
“ To gaine so ritche a Iem,  
“ That am inforc'd by flatterie,  
“ To yeeld thee vp to them.”

## *The Italian Taylor*



### *Argument*

Dispaire, that towers vp so hie,  
In mayden grieve and feare :  
Lights low through loue, and doth defie  
The danger that sits neare :  
For from the earth springs vp a shape,  
That trees the feare of such a rape :  
And rubie beautie in this Ring,  
Transformes to loue man, any thing.

### CANT. 7.

**N**O sooner did the Ring touch ground  
But presently doth change  
Into his former shape profound,  
To iudgement passing strange.

*and his Boy*

In cloth of Gold and Pearle to see,  
More louely then before :  
In loue exceeding his degree,  
For it was ten times more.

“ Now swete (sayes he) why are you sad?

“ Why is your beautie paile?”

“ You know (quoth she) it makes me mad

“ And they will both preuaile.”

“ I pre'thee Princeesse, speake thy minde,

“ Though I change shape (sayes hee :)

“ Yet Nature is not all so kinde,

“ To graunt that guift to mee:

“ Thus can I heare, and iudge a thing,

“ Because my senses bee :

“ But when I am your Rubie Ring,

“ What liuing's then in mee?

“ I pre'thee let me heare thy grieve

“ I know my Maisters spight

“ Pursues me, and is too too brieft,

“ This very instant night :

“ But in what shape I do not know,

“ Yet still my heart perswades,

“ Some transformation he doth shew

“ In day and night s blacke shades :

“ And sure I am he vnderstands,

“ It cannot be denide,

“ How like a Rubie on these hands,

“ My mortall shape doth bide

“ Haue you not heard of such a man

“ As seekes your Ring to win?”

“ Yes, yes (sayes she) and told him than,

“ What leuell-coyle had bin ;

## *The Italian Taylor*

“ How Phisicke had her Father curde,  
“ Requesting but that guift :  
“ Which being by the King assurde  
“ T’was gone. no other shift.  
“ She had stood out to th’ vttermoft,  
“ And more then did befeeme :  
“ A child against her father lost  
“ A King of such esteeme:  
“ But now my stoutnes stoopes perforce ;  
“ For who is’t will not yeeld ?  
“ When parents praiers prouokes remorse,  
“ To win the glorious field :  
“ And I haue parted in defence,  
“ Till composition spake,  
“ And bade me beg for my pretence  
“ A Pardon for loue’s sake.  
“ I did it ; and he graunted truce  
“ Conditionally, that hee  
“ Should haue this Ring, and all abuse  
“ Was pardoned in mee.  
“ I chaleng’d till the morrow next  
“ And I would answere them :  
“ But now stand I the most perplext,  
“ For I must yeeld the Iem.  
“ But when my heart fore-thinkes againe  
“ Thy danger ; and now know  
“ It is thy Maisters Furie then  
“ That thus pursues thee so :  
“ I now make protestation,  
“ It shall neuer bee ;  
“ Ile loose my life before such fashion,  
“ Wronges my Loue and mee.”

*and his Boy.*

As Doctors in their deepest doubts,  
Stroke vp their foreheads hie,  
Or men amazde, their sorrow flouts,  
By squeaning with the eye :  
Or as the Mayde furcharg'd with woe,  
Shewes water in her eyes,  
Or as the Schoole-boy loth to goe  
Doth trueant scuse deuise ;  
Or as a Wanton in her muse,  
Doth stand and bite the lip ;  
Or as the Prisoner cannot chuse,  
But stayes to take the whip :  
Euen so stood he, all spent and gone,  
Solemne deepe posselt ;  
Anone he walkes aside alone,  
And shewes his heart's vnrest  
By sighs and looking vp to heauen,  
And beating of his hands.  
The Princesse grieve not much vneuen,  
His sadnes vnderstands,  
And sorrow can of sorrow iudge,  
When meditations by,  
For silence is a common drudge  
To inward pollicie ;  
-She thus salutes him “ Gentle loue,  
“ Mistrust not my true heart ;  
“ Tis thine for euer : which to approue,  
“ This Ring shall neuer part,  
“ Ile die imbracing thee (I sweare)  
“ As thou shalt compasse mee :  
“ Nor let it grieve thy minde to heare  
“ This sodaine extasie ;



## *The Italian Taylor*

“ For t’is like raine in sunshine ; yit  
“ Which promises to earth,  
“ Though cloudy tempest much vnfit  
“ Will come a time of wirth ;  
“ And so in vs: haue patience then  
“ These ambiguities  
“ Will with the Doctors skill to men,  
“ Threaten vncertainties :  
“ But more extortion of the ill,  
“ Will turne to after good.”

All this she spake with hearts good will ;  
But t’was not vnderstood,  
He musde on matter of more waight,  
How best he might preuent  
With tricke for tricke his Maisters pate,  
Which hammer’d ill intent.

“ Art come? (sayes he) and is it knowne  
“ How I escapt thy ire,  
“ And fled the water, kept my owne,  
“ To hinder thy desire?  
“ Alacke poore life, how art thou sought,  
“ What traps are layde for thee?  
“ And now I see tis not for nought,  
“ My Maister iniures mee:  
“ Since I not onely am escapt,  
“ But thus am hie in fauour ;  
“ By meanes and art I’m double shapt,  
“ Of value and behauour.  
“ Come, doe thy worst, I haue deuif’d:  
“ Thy welcome is but woe :  
“ Fore-warn’d, fore-arm’d ; and I am wil’d,  
“ Thy hate to vnder-goe.



*and his Boy*

“ Faire starre of beautie, whose bright shine  
“ Doth all the Comets dimme;  
“ Whose blaze makes Metures force decline,  
“ Being deckt so heauenly trimme.  
“ Giue hearing now, or neuer, sweete,  
“ It stands vs both vpon ;  
“ This cunning Doctor wee’le regreete  
“ With like for like, anone :  
“ I will assume my last disguise,  
“ In likenes of the Ring,  
“ Which thou shalt bring in louing wise ;  
“ Present it to the King.”  
“ O no (quoth shee) I made an oth,  
“ That I would neare doe so ;  
“ Nor thou nor it, neither of both,  
“ I neuer will forgoe :”  
“ Nor neuer shall you, heare me yit,  
“ Marke how the deed shall be ;  
“ Such deeds must haue a reach of wit  
“ To baffill such as he :  
“ When thou in humblenes of heart,  
“ Makst proffer of the same,  
“ Confesse tis duetie to impart,  
“ To shun a Fathers blame :  
“ But churlish cast it on the earth,  
“ Which be you sure it tucht,  
“ Or all we do is little worth,  
“ Although we venture much.  
“ And for the morall, giue me leaue  
“ To iudgle, with the Duell :  
“ I will explaine, that he’le perceaue,  
“ His welcome is but euill.”

*The Italian Taylor,*

The Princeſſe weary of her woe,  
Deſirous to be brieſe,  
Applaudes his bidding, will do ſo,  
To cheate this philiſicke thiefe,  
Attires her in her coſtly weedes,  
More ritch then euer yit ;  
And to her Father ſhe proceedes,  
Deſirous all ſhould fit.  
More like a Goddeſſe looks ſhe now,  
Then Princeſſe made of earth :  
To whom her Fathers ſubiectes bow,  
And bleſt her hower of birth ;  
Repeating to her as ſhe goes,  
Her welcome was but ill :  
But now the Court and Country knowes  
Shée's bleſt i'th Kings good-will.  
Theſe buſie Subiectes, ſuch they are,  
As be in other lands,  
That carpe at ſtate ; and do declare,  
What no man vnderſtands :  
They'le ſeeme to know, and what they thinke  
Is Chronicle for truth :  
The Prince ſils out, and they will drinke,  
Both ſawcie, age and youth :  
Well, leaue them to their vulgar prate,  
And come we to our ſtorie,  
The Princeſſe came, the King in ſtate,  
Salutes her Virgin glorie :  
Sees in her eyes, the will conſent,  
And welcomes her with ſmiles.  
Sayes, “ daughter, heauen and earth are bent  
“ To bleſſe vs both the whiles,

“ This

*and his Boy.*

“ This Doctor’s here, whose excellence  
“ Of art and secret skill,  
“ Hath rais’d an old and ruin’d fence,  
“ To stand most strongly still :  
“ And now no doubt, thou art resolv’d  
“ To graunt him his request :  
“ I know thy loue is more reuolu’d  
“ And lou’st that Jewell best :  
“ But I haue lent thee long a Iemme,  
“ Of hie and greater wirth ;  
“ My heart, my child, this royall stemme,  
“ Hath blest thee from thy birth.”

With this, such teares the King let fall,  
The christall drops so shine,  
As it did woe and pittie call,  
Their duties to resigne,  
Like Diamonds lookt his pearly teares ;  
For such they were of beautie :  
Who pitties not his crest falne yeares,  
And balmes them with their duetie.  
Euen so doth she and smilingly  
Like children to their mother,  
Once beaten for their foolery,  
Yet they can do no other,  
But have the water in their eyes ;  
Although to please the time,  
They laugh and smile, t’is but disguise,  
To coulour out their crime.  
T’is thus with her whose heart was bent  
Still to detaine the Ring,  
Yet weeping ripe, in merriment,  
Consented to the King :

## *The Italian Taylor*

Whom Wrath with Nature wresteled,  
And Loue with Anger ioynde:  
She thus dissembling, nesteled,  
And this excuse was coynde.  
“ Sir, as your bidding gaue commaund,  
“ I come, in humble fort,  
“ Obedient both in heart and hand,  
“ To yeeld the conquer’d fort :  
“ To shew my dutie to your Grace,  
“ My hearts-hate to this man  
“ Who in respect of time and place,  
“ I brooke as best I can :  
“ Yet who is’t hath possession  
“ Of value and of wirth,  
“ That giues it intercession  
“ To one of baser birth,  
“ But gals at heart, and grieues at soule,  
“ To let such value goe?  
“ Did not your Maiestie controule,  
“ And sayd, it should be so?  
“ Whereto I am a willing child ;  
“ Confessing what I haue,  
“ Is dedicate, and thus compilde  
“ Vnto your iudgement graue :  
“ And heere it is; I kisse it yit,  
“ Next lay it at your feete,  
“ To shew my loue, as doth besit  
“ To one of such estate.  
“ But as it is the price of cure,  
“ I willingly resigne,  
“ And do my mayden life assure  
“ I owe, what else is mine.

But

*and his Boy*

“ But then againe, as you reuiue  
My Father and my King :  
My coynesse more and more doth striue,  
To part with Life and Ring.  
So much for that: now sir to you  
That challenge at my hand.  
A payment royall, ritch, and true,  
And done by great commande:  
Promise me yet before the King,  
As you are what you seeme,  
Not for to wrong this Rubie Ring,  
But hold it in esteeme:  
For many such as you (I know)  
Like *Æscops* Cocke, i'th dust,  
Had rather haue a Corne to owe,  
Then Stone of such a trust:  
You'le weare it in some abiect fort,  
Or change the propertie,  
To make your idle iudgement sport,  
Not like a Lapidarie:  
But as an Alien foolish proud.  
With whom such pretious glorie,  
Yet neuer was in thought aloud,  
Or trim'd by cunning for yee.”

The Doctor now at hob-mian blinde,  
Begins to cast about,  
Why she should thinke him so vnkinde,  
Begins to quele the doubt  
With protestations, that he would  
Loue, like it, as it ought:  
As if of twentie Kings it should  
Be highly ouer-bought.

## *The Italian Taylor*

“ Alas (fayes he) so much I dote  
“ Vpon this Pretious stone,  
“ As I esteeme my venture got,  
“ Is seconded by none.  
“ And as my cure is past compare  
“ For any else to know :  
“ So my rewards, beyond it farre,  
“ I loue, and like it so.”  
“ Come, come (fayes she) thou hipocrite,  
“ Dissembler of thy kinde,  
“ I know thy heart, and can recite  
“ Thy person and thy minde.  
“ But thinke not (Sir) the damned Diuell,  
“ Who you so dayly serue,  
“ Will buckler out this common euill,  
“ But lets your Vertue starue :  
“ Tis this you seeke, and there it is ;  
“ Stoope yit and take the paine,  
“ You little can affoord, I wis,  
“ If not such toyle, for gaine.  
“ My heart doth stoope to your request,  
“ And you shall stoope thus loe ;  
“ The ground shall yeeld what I loue best :  
“ And thus I let it goe.”

But as the Doctor greedily,  
Doth bend him to the earth  
To catch the Rubie speedily,  
Begins a worke of worth,  
Euen in the moment on the ground,  
Whereas the Ring did fall :  
Sprong a Pomegranet faire and round ;  
Which sight amazed all.



*and his Boy.*



*Argument*

Who challenges ignobly,  
A gift aboue request,  
This is the fruite that's got thereby,  
Whose vertue is exprest,  
To staine and spot, though it be pure :  
Euen so it comes to passe;  
Who wisely thinkes himselfe secure,  
Doth often proue an asse :  
As will the sequell shew to all,  
What to this Doct̃or did befall.

CANT. 8.

**R**Ecouer'd from this wonderment,  
They in their iudgement see,  
This Fruite was from some power sent,  
Vpon the earth to bee :



## *The Italian Taylor*

And euery one begins his pride,  
To giue it prayfes due.

The King fayer firft: “ It is the Bride

“ To Beautie, faire and true;

“ And was more louely to the eye,

“ Th’n cluſters of ripe Grapes,

“ Whoſe preſſure yeelded Wine, whereby

“ The heart from ſorrow ſcapes:

“ Or like the woman to the man,

“ When ſhe in ornament,

“ Lookt like the glorie of the Sunne

“ Amidſt the Firmament.”

The Nobles by, rapt in the prayſe;

One ſpake for all the reſt,

As they in counſell ſate and gaiſe,

While Wiſedome is expreſt.

“ To mee (ſayer Grauitie) it ſeemes,

“ As Turtles, when they meete,

“ Whoſe good agreeing, iudgement deemes

“ Hath *non parele* to greete:

“ So is my heart vnto this Fruite,

“ Annexed with ſuch ioy,

“ As well my tongue cannot diſpute,

“ Whoſe colour is *Le roy*.”

The modeſt Princeſſe knowing well,

The ſhape, her loue to bee,

Begins to ſhadow, and expell

Her griefes, and thus ſayer thee.

“ My Fathers iudgement is diuine

“ Which thought it was a Bride;

“ Euen ſo thinke I, and would t’were mine,

“ It were my mayden pride:

“ How

*and his Boy*

“ How euer, I will gather it,  
“ It shall be mine in vse :”  
“ T’is (quoth the King) and doth besit  
“ Thy beautie virgin truse.”  
These prayfes kild the Doctors heart  
He knew it was his Boy  
That thus disguif’d, did seeke to thwart  
The pride of all his ioy,  
Lookt like the angry cloudes in blackes,  
Which threaten shewers of raine ;  
Yet ride vpon the mouing rackes,  
As it would to the maine:  
Euen so did he, his fullen fit  
Was now the maine of all,  
For he deuises by his wit,  
How vengeance best might fall.  
Speake your opinion (fayes the King :)  
But he sayd little to te,  
Till on the sodaine he doth spring  
And kickt it with his foote :  
The Curnels flue about the roome,  
That euey stander by,  
The King & Princessle past their doome  
He did deserue to die,  
To spoyle the beautie of a fruite,  
Sent there by miracle :  
Of whose rare being to dispute,  
Did craue an Oracle.  
The doomed arts-man straight turnes thrice  
When they togeather flocke,  
And by his cunning, in a trice,  
Appear’d a crowing Cocke :

## *The Italian Taylor*

Strutes, and doth clap his feathrie wings  
Crowes out that all might heare ;  
The other Cockes as loudly finges,  
That then were something neare.  
The King cals to his Lords for ayde,  
To coniure downe the Diuell ;  
The Princess and the Lords dismayde,  
Did blesse themselues from euill :  
All in a hurly burly now,  
The Princeesse knew right well  
The sequell answerd to the vow  
Her rubie Ring did tell.  
Whispers her Father, thus she sayes :  
“ Your Maiestie shall see  
“ *A* comecke iest, and worthy prayse,  
“ If you will credite mee.  
“ I am acquainted in some part,  
“ To all this misterie :  
“ Beseeke you then haue quiet heart,  
“ And note the Historie.”  
By this, the Cocke that prunde himselse  
Was iolly in his iette,  
Growne proud his shape should catch the else,  
That did his fortunes lette,  
All greedy picks the curnels fast ;  
Whereby the Boy did know  
T’was time to shift, his life was past,  
If he were eaten so :  
He sodainly turnes to a Foxe,  
To scape his Maisters power :  
Skips heere, leapes there, with friskes and mocks,  
Last doth, the Cocke deuower.



*Argument*

Here may you see how Enuie lurkes,  
To worke his diuelish will :  
And how against it selfe aworkes,  
Is author of yit ill.  
This Crocadile of hellish spight,  
In vgly malice bred,  
Shewes like to Arrowes shot vpight  
Falne on the shooters head :  
Yet the conclusion doth approoue,  
How Hel-borne hate turnes all to loue.

CANT 9.

**T**His tragicke sceane was of distaste,  
T'was wonder worthy yit :  
Till smyling ioy claps hands in haste,  
At this strange poynt of wit:

H

First

## *The Italian Taylor*

First a Pomegranet, then a Cocke ;  
At last, a Foxe to bee ;  
A miracle, or else a mocke,  
T'was iudg'd of pollicie,  
The Princeesse squats vpon the ground.  
And smothering in her laughter,  
Was readie, thus containd to sound :  
But see what followeth after,  
The subtile Foxe to add the more  
Amazement to the wonder,  
The Princeesse sitting on the flore,  
He creepes her Kirtle vnder :  
All laugh a good, for heere the Clowne,  
His Sceane was now to enter,  
When tragicke shewes had wonne the Crowne,  
Of sad and bold aduenter :  
The reason question'd, she is mute,  
At last, the Foxe vp standes,  
And like a Graduate doth dispute  
Vpon their late demaunds :  
T'was now no time to bid them feare,  
But voyde a further checke :  
T'was passing strange that they should heare  
A Foxe so wisely speake.  
“ In name of Heauens faire trinitie,  
“ I charge thee (sayer the King)  
“ Depart in peace; Diuinitie  
“ Doth coniure any thing :  
“ Or if thou stay'st, reueale I charge  
“ (In name of God on hie)  
“ The meaning ; let vs heare at large  
“ Of all this misterie ?”

“ Silence

*and his Boy.*

“ Silence then (the Foxe replies)  
“ And you shall further heare,  
“ But bouldly listen, and deuise  
“ No other cause of feare.  
“ It is sufficient what is donne,  
“ In terrour, King to thee ;  
“ Thy sicknesse is againe begonne,  
“ Without amendement bee.  
“ The cause why this ill fauour’d Diuell,  
“ Hath vndertooke this shape,  
“ And like a Doctor did this euill,  
“ Is for a late done Rape,  
“ Vpon the person of a Duke,  
“ Of late time banisht hence,  
“ Who at thy mouth receau’d rebuke,  
“ Yet t’was for no offence :  
“ And he is dead that caus’d the wrong  
“ Who on his death-bed told  
“ What enuie he had borne him long  
“ And while he liude he would :  
“ Requesting he might be cal’d home ;  
“ And yet he is not come :  
“ Leauing his wronges for thee to attone,  
“ His owne to’th highest dome :  
“ These Plagues therefore do fall on thee ;  
“ First, Sicknesse without cure :  
“ Then ougly Shapes, which shew to bee  
“ The cause, thou art impure :  
“ And least thou do the deads commaund,  
“ Who did this liuing wrong,  
“ Reuenge hath tooke the cause in hand,  
“ That lay obscur’d so long.



*The Italian Taylor,*

“ Call home the Duke from banishment,  
“ Restore him to his owne,  
“ Before this royall discontent  
“ Be any further showne :  
“ And I shall then ascend to rest,  
“ Whose Ghost this Doctor rais'd,  
“ To heape vp mischief on thy crest,  
“ Wherein thy state's amaz'd.  
“ Thy Daughter here herselfe doth wrong,  
“ For tis so much at least,  
“ In thee and her, that she so long,  
“ Should doate and loue a Beast.  
“ If these be ill presages, iudge,  
“ Or ominous, forethinke,  
“ That right to reason is a drudge,  
“ And wronged in a wincke.”

The King as one who in his sleepes  
Had dreamt all this for true,  
Such bitter exclamation keeps,  
As made them all to rue.

“ Alas (quoth he) I am abus'd  
“ My Sicknesse hath his force :  
“ This Doctors doing hath refus'd,  
“ To worke in right remorse,  
“ What Plagues hath lighted on my head  
“ For Incredulitie  
“ Vpon the Innocent, and bred  
“ By noble Treacherie ;  
“ Was I the Iudge and Iuror too,  
“ In this so wicked Will,  
“ To banish, and vnknowne to doo  
“ A Duke such secret ill ;

“ Forgive



*and his Boy*

“ Forgive it Heauens, and pardon Earth,  
“ My self I’le reconcile  
“ To Mercie: in this wretched birth,  
“ That I enioy the while.  
“ Goe call him home, we will furrender,  
“ His detayned good ;  
“ And by our Parliament make tender,  
“ Of his Noble blood.  
“ I am a foole to credite such  
“ Before I see the prooffe:  
“ But t’is a fault in Kings too much,  
“ Where Iudgement keepes aloofe :  
“ Hencefoorth I will aduise and know,  
“ Before I censure ought ;  
“ In banishment to ouerthrow,  
“ In word, in deed, or thought.  
“ And let all princely Potencie,  
“ Example take by mee.  
“ What t’is to harme Nobilitie,  
“ When they shall guiltles bee.  
“ Hee’s dead and gone, that did this ill,  
“ Whereto I was an ayde :  
“ And onely I left sorrowing still,  
“ And iustly am repayde.”

Hence post the Nobles feuerall wayes,  
With Proclamations hire,  
To call the noble Duke, whose dayes  
Shall haue their first desire  
The subtile Fox cals to the King ;  
“ T’is not enough (sayes he)  
“ As pledge of this, giue me thy Ring,  
“ That so and so’t shalbe.”

## *The Italian Taylor*

T'was given in prefence of them all  
And witnesse tooke thereon:  
No fooner graunted, but with-all,  
The Foxe was strangely gone;  
And in his roome stood vp a Youth,  
Of person faire and free.  
Then did the King beleeeue for trueth,  
All certaine, he did see:  
He knew the Boy, t'was sonne to him  
The banisht Duke that's hence;  
As like in feature, voyce and lim,  
As wrong is to offence:  
He tooke him in his royall armes:  
“ May I be bold (fayes hee)  
“ And be assurde from other harmes,  
“ As is my loue to thee?”  
“ Sir (quoth the Lad) euen thus it is  
“ My Father banisht so,  
“ Liues in a Citie much amisse,  
“ In grieuous want and woe:  
“ And glad was so to liue disguif'd,  
“ Least your all angrie dome,  
“ For his remaine had then suffiz'd,  
“ In iustice to haue come:  
“ He bound me to a Taylors trade,  
“ To blinde his state the more;  
“ And me (though young) he did perswade  
“ To secrecie, therefore  
“ I, in my childish wisedome knew  
“ He died, if I were knowne;  
“ Was secret and obedient true,  
“ And learnd to keepe my owne:

“ But

and his Boy.

“ But see how blessed Fortune wrought,  
“ That all should come to light  
“ By me and not by me, t’was fought,  
“ Heauens finger poynts aright.  
“ My skill of trade exceeded his  
“ That was my Maister then;  
“ He held it for his preiudice,  
“ I got the loue of men:  
“ And in his braine sprung vp a blood  
“ Of rancor and blacke hate,  
“ And all my fortunes he withstood,  
“ Though I made good, his state:  
“ He practiz’d then *Pithagoras*,  
“ To alter shapes of men;  
“ I also was as prosperous  
“ In his proceedings then:  
“ But when his enuie did perceauē  
“ My boldnesse was as strong,  
“ All honest duetie he did leaue,  
“ To do my life much wrong:  
“ But I obedient, when I had  
“ Got knowledge in this art,  
“ Came to my Father, and was glad  
“ Some succour to impart  
“ Transform’d my selfe into a Steed,  
“ And gaue my selfe to sell:  
“ Which money did relieue his need  
“ And sonne-like I did well:  
“ My enuious Maister knew by art,  
“ That I was in this forme,  
“ Attired like a Marchant, straight  
“ He bought me to much harne,

## *The Italian Taylor*

“ Had not his children from the stable  
“ Led me foorth to drinke,  
“ From that disguise I was vnable  
“ Ere to change (I thinke)  
“ But then by them vnsadled,  
“ As Art wil’d that I should ;  
“ My shape of Horfe was altered  
“ To what my wishing would :  
“ And knowing Land was in his power,  
“ To vse me as he list,  
“ I to a Fish that present hower,  
“ Was changed ere they wist :  
“ He likewise shapt into a Fish,  
“ I’t’h Water to pursue me ;  
“ Who when I saw his enuious wish,  
“ And that his malice knew me,  
“ I sodainely disguis’d againe,  
“ Like to a rubie Ring,  
“ And left the siluer floting maine,  
“ To worke thy cure, ôKing.  
“ My Maister for to conquere me,  
“ Disguis’d thus Doctor like,  
“ Procurde thy health, and instantly  
“ The stroke of all did strike :  
“ This good was yours : now giue me leaue  
“ To doe our selues some right ;  
“ I like a Rubie did perceaue  
“ My selfe with her one night ;  
“ Awakened her : and when she felt  
“ A naked body neare,  
“ For so I was transform’d yet deelt  
“ Right nobly, neuer feare.

*and his Boy.*

“ So when she heard your grace had giuen  
“ The Doctor this her Ring,  
“ Who beg’d of purpose to make euen  
“ His malice which did spring;  
“ She yet denide it by my will,  
“ Then neuer blame her birth;  
“ My counsell was she should fulfill  
“ Your bidding in this wirth:  
“ Yet cast it on the sollide ground,  
“ As if her enuie scornde  
“ All true obedience to confound:  
“ Yet was her doing charmd;  
“ For on the sodaine there-hence sprong  
“ A faire Pomegranet bye  
“ Which your ritch prayfes freely song,  
“ Most louely to the eye.  
“ Whereat the Doctor was all hate  
“ And comming roundly to’ te,  
“ Before your Grace and Lords of state,  
“ He kickt it with his foote:  
“ The Kernels flew about the roome;  
“ But I the one by happe,  
“ By fortune to escape his doome,  
“ Flew in the Princeffe lappe:  
“ He knowing all his art was then,  
“ Repayde but with a mocke,  
“ Before you and your Noble men,  
“ Turn’d to a crowing Cocke  
“ And pickt the Kernels hungerly,  
“ Thinking to deuower  
“ And worke my liues *Catastrophy*:  
“ But I was from his power.

## *The Italian Taylor*

“ For like a Foxe, I eat the Cocke,  
“ As you, and theſe haue ſeene :  
“ Your iudgements tell this is no mocke,  
“ That ſtand where all hath beene :  
“ Onely my wife here by true graunt,  
“ She will confeſſe ſhe is ;  
“ And in that bold and noble vaunt,  
“ I feare I do amiſſe.”

With this, the milde and modeſt Princeſſe  
Humbly kneeled loe,  
And in a ſilent yeelding dumneſſe,  
Shew'd it to be ſo.

The King with ioy ſhed royall teares ;  
“ Alacke my childe (ſayes hee)  
“ Shall I be bane of thy young yeares ?  
“ No, it ſhall neuer bee.  
“ And though we raſhly run at baſe,  
“ To catch what hand we can,  
“ Yet greater power doth guide the race  
“ Of Woman and of Man.  
“ His blood is pure, though ſtain'd by mee ;  
“ And ſlaunder now, that's dead,  
“ T'is pardon'd and reclaimd, you ſee ;  
“ That euill be on his head.  
“ Diſpatcht we haue Embaſſadours,  
“ This noble Duke to bring  
“ To ioyne his Father's voyce with ours,  
“ In mariage of this Ring :  
“ For that's the price of all my good ;  
“ And that's your glorie too,  
“ By vertue of which vnderſtood,  
“ All this is like to doo ;

“ My



*and his Boy.*

“ My Sonne and Heire I thee create”  
And all the Nobles by,  
Cride out, Amen ; it was too late  
To aske a reason why.  
T’was knowne so openly to all,  
Proclaind quite through the Realme,  
Thus as I slept, a voyce did call,  
And wakt me from my Dreame :  
Vpright I set me in my bed,  
And being awake did know  
All these were phansies in my head,  
And it was nothing so.

*To conclude now.*

Me thinkes some perfumde Polititian, that practi-  
seth more the Pennie than the Penne, rashly  
reades, and rudely returnes, this fooles  
boults, *Tis ballade stufte* : to him, I  
answere thus.

Cammelion-like thy minde misgiues,  
All coulour’s like thy owne :  
Thy greene goose wit no more atchiues,  
Then what thy trade hath knowne,  
Thou politicke presaging Asse  
Forbeare to kicke at kindnesse :  
With crooked limmes, and looke of brasse,  
And eyes bebleard with blindnesse :  
Trot on the hooft, deuif’d in prose,  
While these as stanzas staves

## *The Italian Taylor*

To out rime thy ill reason'd cloze  
In thy corruptiue prayse :  
Conclude in charitie thou foole,  
That think'st thy felfe most wise :  
Thy wit. not worthie's any Schoole,  
T'is falt and too precise.

*Vituperato nequid laudando laude fruaris,  
Sic tua laus fuerit, quod mihi laudis opus.*

F I N I S.

















